

Industrious Souldiership.

Sey. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make vs know
What we shall say we haue, and what we owe:
Thoughts speculatiue, their vnſure hopes relate,
But certaine iſſue, ſtroakes muſt arbitrate,
Towards which, aduance the warre. *Exeunt marching*

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Macbeth, Seyton, & Souldiers, with
Drum and Colours.*

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is ſtill, they come: our Caſtles ſtrength
Will laugh a Siege to ſcorne: Heere let them lye,
Till Famine and the Ague eate them vp:
Were they not forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
We might haue met them darefull, beard to beard,
And beate them backward home. What is that noyſe?

A Cry within of Women.

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macb. I haue almoſt forgot the taſte of Feares:
The time ha's beene, my ſenſes would haue cool'd
To heare a Night-ſhriek, and my Fell of haire
Would at a diſmall Treatiſe rowze, and ſtirre
As life were in't. I haue ſuſt full with horrors,
Direneſſe familiar to my ſlaughterous thoughts
Cannot once ſtart me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queene (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She ſhould haue dy'd heereafter;
There would haue beene a time for ſuch a word:
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creepes in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laſt Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yſterdayes, haue lighted Fooles
The way to duſty death. Out, out, breſſe Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,
That ſtruts and frets his houre vpon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of ſound and fury
Signifying nothing. *Enter a Meſſenger.*

Thou com'ſt to vie thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.

Meſ. Gracious my Lord,
I ſhould report that which I ſay I ſaw,
But know not how to doo't.

Macb. Well, ſay ſir.

Meſ. As I did ſtand my watch vpon the Hill
I look'd toward Byrname, and anon me thought
The Wood began to moue.

Macb. Lye, and Slaue.

Meſ. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not ſo:
Within this three Mile may you ſee it coming,
I ſay, a mouing Groue.

Macb. If thou ſpeak'ſt truth,
Vpon the next Tree ſhall thou hang aliue
Till Famine cling thee: If thy ſpeech be ſooth,
I care not if thou doſt for me as much.
I pull in Retolution, and begin
To doubt th'Equitocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth. Feare not, till Byrname Wood
Do come to Dunſinane, and now a Wood

Comes toward Dunſinane. Arme, Arme, and out,
If this which he auouches, do's appeare,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here,
I'ginne to be a-weary of the Sun,
And with th'eſtate o'th' world were now vndon.
Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come wracke,
At leaſt we'l dye with Harneſſe on our backe. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

*Drumme and Colours.
Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduffe, and their Army,
with Boughes.*

Mal. Now neere enough:
Your leauy Skreenes throw downe,
And ſhew like thoſe you are: You (worthy Vnkle)
Shall with my Coffin your right Noble Sonne
Leade our firſt Battell. Worthy Macduffe, and wee
Shall take vpon's what elſe remaines to do,
According to our order.

Sey. Fare you well:

Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night,
Let vs be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our Trumpets ſpeak, giue th' all breath
Thoſe clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death. *Exeunt
Alarums continued.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They haue tied me to a ſtake, I cannot flye,
But Beare-like I muſt fight the courſe. What's he
That was not borne of Woman? Such a one
Am I to feare, or none.

Enter young Seyward.

T. Sey. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be affraid to heare it.

T. Sey. No: though thou call'ſt thy ſelfe a hotter name
Then any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

T. Sey. The diuell himſelfe could not pronounce a Title
More hatefull to mine eare.

Macb. No: nor more fearefull.

T. Sey. Thou'lt ſt abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword
Ile proue the lye thou ſpeak'ſt.

Fight, and young Seyward ſlaine.

Macb. Thou waſ't borne of woman;
But Swords I ſmile at, Weapons laugh to ſcorne,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a Woman borne. *Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduffe.

Macd. That way the noiſe is: Tyrant ſhew thy face,
If thou beſt ſlaine, and with no ſtroake of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghoſts will haunt me ſtill:
I cannot ſtrike at wretched Kernes, whoſe armes
Are hyr'd to beare their Staues; either thou Macbeth,
Or elſe my Sword with an vn battered edge
I ſheath againe vndeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be,
By this grear clatter, one of greateſt note. *Seemes*

Seemes bruid. Let me finde him Fortune,
And more I begge not. *Exit.*

Alarums.

Enter Malcolm and Seyward.

Sey. This way my Lord, the Caſtles gently rendred:
The Tyrants people, on both ſides do fight,
The Noble Thanes do brauely in the Warre,
The day almoſt it ſelfe profeſſes yours,
And little is to do.

Malc. We haue met with Foes

That ſtrike beſide vs. *Exeunt. Alarums.*

Sey. Enter Sir, the Caſtle. *Enter Macbeth.*

Macb. Why ſhould I play the Roman Foole, and dye
On mine owne ſword? whiles I ſee liues, the gaſhes
Do better vpon them.

Enter Macduffe.

Macd. Turne Hell-hound, turne.

Macb. Of all men elſe I haue auoyded thee:
But get thee backe, my ſoule is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I haue no words,
My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine

Then tearmes can giue thee our. *Fight: Alarums.*

Macb. Thou looſeſt labour,
Aſaſie may'ſt thou the intrenchant Ayre
With thy keene Sword impreſſe, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Creſts,
I beare a charmed Life, which muſt not yeeld
To one of woman borne.

Macd. Diſpaire thy Charme,
And let the Angell whom thou ſtill haſt ſeru'd
Tell thee, Macduffe was from his Mothers womb
Vntimely ript.

Macb. Accurſed be that tongue that tels mee ſo:
For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:
And be theſe Iugling Fiends no more beleeu'd,
That palter with vs in a double ſence,
That keepe the word of promiſe to our eare,
And breake it to our hope. Ile not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yeeld thee Coward,
And liue to be the ſhew, and gaze o'th'time.
Wee'l haue thee, as our rarer Monſters are
Painted vpon a pole, and vnder-writ,
Heere may you ſee the Tyrant.

Macb. I will not yeeld

To kiſſe the ground before young Malcolmes feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles curſe.

Though Byrname wood be come to Dunſinane,
And thou oppoſ'd, being of no woman borne,
Yet I will try the laſt. Before my body,
I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on Macduffe,
And damn'd be him, that firſt cries hold, enough.

Exeunt fighting. Alarums.

Enter Fighting, and Macbeth ſlaine.

*Retreat, and Flourish. Enter with Drumme and Colours,
Malcolm, Seyward, Roſſe, Thane, & Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the Friends we miſſe, were faſe arriu'd.

Sey. Some muſt go off: and yet by theſe I ſee,
So great a day as this is cheapely bought.

Mal. Macduffe is miſſing, and your Noble Sonne.

Roſſe. Your ſon my Lord, ha's paid a ſouldiers debt,
He onely liu'd but till he was a man,

The which no ſooner had his Proweſſe confirm'd
In the vnſhrinking ſtation where he fought,

But like a man he dy'd.

Sey. Then he is dead?

Roſſe. I, and brought off the field: your cauſe of ſorrow
Muſt not be meaſur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Sey. Had he his hurts before?

Roſſe. I, on the Front.

Sey. Why then, Gods Soldier be he:

Had I as many Sonnes, as I haue haire,

I would not wiſh them to a fairer death:

And ſo his Knell is knoll'd.

Mal. Hee's worth more ſorrow,

And that Ile ſpend for him.

Sey. He's worth no more,

They ſay he parted well, and paid his ſcore,

And ſo God be with him. Here comes new comfort.

Enter Macduffe, with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Haile King, for ſo thou art.

Behold where ſtands

Th' Vſurpers curſed head: the time is free:

I ſee thee compaſt with thy Kingdomes Peaſle,

That ſpeake my ſalutation in their minds:

Whoſe voyces I deſire alowd with mine.

Haile King of Scotland.

All. Haile King of Scotland.

Flourish.

Mal. We ſhall not ſpend a large expence of time,

Before we reckon with your ſeuerall loues,

And make vs euen with you. My Thanes and Kinſmen

Henceforth be Earles, the firſt that euer Scotland

In ſuch an Honor nam'd: What's more to do,

Which would be plant'd newly with the time,

As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,

That fled the Snares of watchfull Tyranny,

Producing forth the cruell Miniſters

Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queene;

Who (as 'tis thought) by ſelfe and violent hands,

Tooke off her life. This, and what needfull elſe

That call's vpon vs, by the Grace of Grace,

We will performe in meaſure, time, and place:

So thanks to all at once, and to each one,

Whom we inuite, to ſee vs Crown'd at Scone.

Flourish.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.